Poet BAVIUS;

OCCASION'D BY HIS

SATYR

He Writ in his

VERSES

TO THE

KING,

UPON THE

QUEENS being Deliver'd

OF A

SON.

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Permissu Superiorum.

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UPON THE

POET BAVIUS.

A Labouring *Muse*, that full Nine Months had been
In Painful thro' s *Pregnant* at last became.
Nine Months a Loyal Zeal had Fir'd my Breast,
Which for Nine Muses cou'd not be at rest.
Tell me, vain hard'ned *Scribler*, what Pretence
Have those two Lines, to Kindred, or to Sense?
The Luckey gingle of the *Nine* and *Nine*,
Produc'd 'em without Thinking or Design.
The first thy *Loyalties* short date Rehearses:
The next, how Damnably thou Pump'st for Verses.
But Duty did my desperate Ray Controule:
'Tis False, thy *Muse* was Tame, as is thy Soul:
Thou hast no Rage, no Fire, no Spirit or Power,
But Feeble Rancor, for the Happy Hour.

First in Labour and then Pregnant.

So long Loyal.

But for Duty. he had been inrag'd at the Birth of the Prince.

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No more cou'd Bavius, who proffer'd his Poem to Bently two Months before the Prince was born; but had not the Courage to venture it till he saw indeed 'twas a Son

Some could not Bridle their Officious Rhime,
But must bestow an Heir before the Time.
While thou dull Faithless Scribling Infidel,
Cou'd not Believe till thou cou'dst See, and Feel:
We like the Joyful *Patriarchs* of Old,
Believ'd the good to Come, when but Fore told.
But thou, as scanted in thy *Faith* as *Sense*,
Wanted the Courage to Trust *Providence*.
It was enough, we saw a *Pregnant Queen*!
To Inspire our *Muse*, tho' we no more had seen.
Where each well-wisher Honestly intends,
Good will for Paltry Lines must make amends:
And why so sharp Squire *Bavius* on your Friends?
Thou who hast been this *Fifteen Years* at least,
Thro' all the *Town* the most *Notorious Jest*;
E're (to Increase thy *Foppery*) thou hadst *Writ*:
The Scorne o'th' *Boxes*, Laughter of the *Pit*.
Famous in *Julians* Song, till Vile Lampoon
Discarded thee for a too dull *Buffoon*.

But once a *Poet*, our Diverſion fail'd;
Thou felleſt below, even being Rediculd:
And had not thy Unlucky *Rhiming Spirit*,
Writ *Satyr* now, inſtead of *Panygerick*:
Vile Pointleſs *Satyr*, thou might'ſt ſtill have been
A poor forgotten Drone without a Sting:
And without notice follow'd ſtill the King.
His Couchees, and his Levies, wait, and get
As much, as by thy ever failing Wit.

VVhile with Abortive Lines the Land you fill,
And make the Conſort hear your Nonſenſe ſtill.
Such Sawcy Puns, with an Irreverend, *She*——
And World of *Do's* makes up thy Poetry:
Below thy Native Dulneſs ſinks thy *Rhimes*,
And are a Woful Libel on the Times.

Then with Abortive Joy the Nation fill,
And make the Conſort bear the burden ſtill,
Bavius *Poem.*

On the City. Maces *and* Furrs, *their Princes Favour gone,*
Neglected, look like Roſes *after* June:
Or, like Fop *Bavius* Verſe, quite out of Tune.

Query, he ſays the City looks Bleak. *Why does the Trading City look ſo Blew?*
Unleſs by Truſting Sharping *Bavius* like you.

He calls it a Body without a Soul, and tells 'em they have loſt the K's Favour. *And why, a Body that no Soul can Boaſt,*
Or why have they their Princes Favour loſt?
The King no Thanks will give your Miſplac'd Zeal,
To judge his Sentiments t' th' *Commonweal.*

Upon his ſimily of the Roſe confuted. If *Roſes* after *June*; are *Roſes* ſtill;
Retain their Colour, Beauty, and their Smell:
The Novelty begets 'em more Eſteem,
Than if they Bloom'd the common Month of *June.*
So while the City keeps her *Loyalty,*
She's ſtill in Favour; and deſerves to be,
Inſpight of all thy ill-tim'd Poetry.
And who, but Rhiming *Bavius*, could ſuppoſe
Maces, and *Furrs*, ſo very like a *Roſe.*

Or think, because the *Judges* Chaines is gone,
The gaudy Triffle lost, the Man's undone:
Dull Fool, that ne're to Merit gave its due,
But thinks all Vertue to consist of Show:
As if the Man, once Worth his Prince's Grace,
Must with his short-liv'd Frown become an Ass.
A Prince's Favour, then, by the same Rule,
Shou'd make him Lov'd, or VVise that is a Fool.

His Jest for the turn'd out Judges.

But now the bitter *Robe*; the Reverend Gown,
Doom'd by his Nations Scandal, must go down:
First tell us, that thou art a *Renigade*,
E're to thy Mother thou turn Retrograde:
If of the *Primitive Roman Church* thou be,
(Heaven guard her from so great an Infamie:)
Stick to that Point, and then we Pardon Thee.
But thou who still the *Establish'd Faith* Profest,
Like an Ungrateful Bird, Bewrayst thy Nest:
Or like the Amphibious Batt, that shuns the Light,
VVith *Beast* canst walk, and with the Fowles take flight.

Witty on the Bishops

He pretends to be of the Church of England:

The

A Bob for the Controlers, that are out.

The next high Jeſt, is the Diſcarded ſtuff;
Now *Bavius* hand is in, he claws it off.
And like *Almanzor* when Inrag'd he grows,
Promiſcuouſly he falls on Friends and Foes.

A notable Pun.

Tho' with Subſtantial Limbs, and brisk in Walking,
Without your Staff you are but Lame and Halting.
Oh Luckey hit! what ſtrange Prodigious skill
Thou haſt in Clinching, Quibling, *Doggeril*,

The Caſhier'd Collonels.

The *Colonels* next; but by unhappy Chance,
No *Puns* the value of theſe Lines Advance:
But *Dids*, and *Does*, and a quant *Simely*,
VVhich muſt the Place of ſmarter Clinch ſupply.
He tells you here, *That loſs of a Commiſſion,*
Is very much like a Death-Bed Contrition:
Nay, what is worſe, ſo wretched is their Fate,

A great Misfortune

No Galloon-Coats their Levires now muſt wait;
In *Bavius* Senſe, VVit, Honour, Vertue lyes
In the *Lac'd-Coat* and *Gay-Embroaderies.*

Nor

Nor is the *Garter* from his Rage exempt,
Turn'd off, he adds the weight of his Contempt:
Unhappy *Peers*, when once you're in Diſgrace;
Your Ribban's Dirty, and your Stars are Braſs:
VVorſe than *Beau Bavius* Belt all ſet with *Glaſs.*
The Suck-Blood Vermin of the Robe *alone,*
Can Smile to ſee Men every day undone.

Here he Civil To of the Rc in Gener.

If by *Permiſſu Superiorum*, this
Dull, Sawcy Libel, thro' the Town muſt paſs:
VVhere Reverend Biſhops, *Ravenous Wolves* are deem'd;
And all the Judges, *Bloody Knaves* eſteem'd:
White Staves, Blew Garters, all within his reach;
His *Evidence Muſe*, muſt ſome Crime Impeach.
Then farewell all good Manners, Senſe, and VVit,
If *Superiorums* will ſuch Stuff admit.
But this was ſlyly meant, like all the reſt;
Upon the *Reverend Fathers* for a Jeſt.
No Order, Honour, or High Place, can be
From his Immortal Nonſenſe *Satyr* free.

His Book ſa Licenſed.

Hadſt

Hadſt thou not better in a few dull Lines,
Plain Honeſt *Meeter* --- tag'd with gingling *Rhimes*;
In thy *Coronation Stile*, and uſual Senſe,
Hamer'd ſome Hearty welcome to the *Prince*:
Kept to thy *Theam*, and his juſt Praiſes Sung;
And not have took this time for publick wrong
Lybel, this great Occaſion, cou'd not bear;
All Love, and Softneſs, was the Buſineſs here:
Malice ſhou'd here be baniſh'd from thy Quill,
Then we'd excus'd thy barely writing ill;
And for bad Lines have taken thy good Will.
WVe are content thou ſhouldſt in *Scoundrel Verſe*,
Put into *French* the Famous *Hudebras*;
Or Nobler *Boileau* into *Engliſh* turn,
And move at once our Laughter and our Scorn.

Thy

Thy dull Advice too, we with Patience Read,
VVhich tells us, how *Young Monarchs* ſhou'd be Bred;
('Tis pitty but thou wert a *Tutor* made.)
And who that ſee the *Politiques* that ſhine,
Thro' all the *Nonſenſe* of each *ſtrugling* Line: See Bavius.
Thy exact *Grammar*, and Coherence views,
VVith the good Nature of thy Railing *Muſe*:
Thy VVit, thy Parts, thy Conduct, Mien and Grace,
Thy *Preſence*, Cringes, and thy Court *Grimarce*;
But Swears Heaven meant thee for a perfect--*Aſ*--

F I N I S: